



## Im not ok.



sad, confused stupid

👁 10 ✓ 0 ★ 1

### Chapter 1 by Story Wars

How in the world can I be Okay? Why do they even think I will be fine. it just takes time. They don't understand. They all say they do but they don't. They really don't. And I have to just sit here in this waiting room with my mom for a dumb therapist that's suppose to help when I just want to be alone in bed. Of course now getting to go the bathroom is the only privacy I get. So what I was involved for the plan doesn't mean we were gonna follow through or any of it. It was just our imagination running wild like people told us to do. I'm not sure they know what they're getting into. My mind is so alive with life that I think it might burst. With no pain there's no gain I don't want to wake up like a regular lady. I cry in the bathroom. Finally alone. Finally taking no one into my mind. Finally making the pain my own. My family means best but it just ends up worse.

Taking me to therapy just gets me prepared for the hearse. I mourn myself thoughtfully thinking of the meds that the doctor gave me. The sun is out and shining. There are no clouds today. However sometimes I do wish the clouds would stay. The rain wouldn't go away.

I hope sometimes. That the rain accompanies me to my grave. That way it ruins everyone else's day, as well as mine. The plan was to save me but I keep going deeper into the thing they call my

imagination. Sometimes an imagination is a curse. You can think endlessly upon thoughts that shouldn't be yours. Your capacity for thought is a curse. One sound that alerts your brain to the things around. A door is kicking in. I run out of the bathroom in the hall where my mother waits in a chair. I see the scaredy cat. I grab my

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backpack and run. I don't look back till I can see the sun. I have a jacket so I'm not cold but it's lonely and dark, out here on the side of the highway. I'm going to hitchhike.

There was really no other option for me. I had to get away. I had to. Everyone in life knew about me one way or another. Giving me looks, whispers behind my back. I couldn't take it. Knowing I have \$25.00 in my wallet including change if I was lucky. I know I'm going to survive and conquer the demon inside. A small little blue car came driving up a road where I had stopped to eat an old granola bar I had found in the bottom of my backpack. The car started to slow down. This is my chance I thought. This could save me and let me get back the life I really wanted. Though it was a prank as soon as it passed me the driver honked and yelled loser out the window.

Night began to fall and you could look up upon the clouds and could see rain was going to descend upon me soon. Having nothing left but my backpack and jacket along with my phone at 2%. I throw my phone into the grass knowing my mom would of called the cops and are trying to track me. I began to walk to an old diner up the road. Maybe I'll have better luck there and just possible find a bus station or a place to rest for the night. This was the beginning of the journey that I had longed for since the accident. Since it all began. This was going to help fix my problems. It's time to start fresh and get everything in control. Memories. I wish I could keep them at bay. They wash over my mind. There's a dog over there. A mutt. A stray. Just like me. A runaway probably. He follows me though I have no food. I arrive at the diner and tell him to shoo. As cute as he can be. All wet but happy. The dinner is old and in bad condition, like no one has been there for years. Maybe I could find some food who knows. Next door is an old gas station that looks just as bad as the dinner. For now this is home. It doesn't matter about the past. I have to move on and pretend nothing ever happened. It wasn't a test. It was real. It was going to happen. Now I just have to escape from all of it. You could say I sorta broke into the dinner just to sit into a booth. The door was unlocked. It you jiggled the handle a little hard. So technically the door was open it was just stuck and the lock was rusted. I made my way to a booth that had the cushion still on it and tried to make it look as good as it could get. I layed down propping my head against the wall. The dog mysteriously followed my lead and jumped up on the other side of the table and just sat there. Sitting up like he was getting a meal but just sat

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